

Halo: Continuum

by Nomad043

Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-06-03 04:33:11

Updated: 2013-06-03 04:33:11

Packaged: 2016-04-27 03:17:17

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,183

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The Human-Covenant war has ended, and now it's time for the UNSC to pick up the pieces of what's left. While the rogue Storm Faction still wages war against humanity, a UNSC General and his crew must discover the fate of humanities finest scientific mind, Doctor Catherine Halsey.

1. Prologue

Prologue

June 21, 2162 (military calendar)

South America

1430 hours

Private First Class Richard Mars had never asked for this. He had never asked to be here, in hell within the jungle. Knee-deep in mud, blood, corpses, and spent shells. He just wanted to support his country. He had seen the news reports back home in Detroit. They called it the "Rainforest Wars". Some stupid war between the Koslovic and Frieden armies. "Armies", was an overstatement, they were little more than a bunch of terrorists fighting to each get their own way. Nonetheless, they were posing a huge threat to the stability and well-being of Earth.

So when things got hot and civilian casualties mounted, the government decided to send in UN forces to clean up the mess. Rich thought he might volunteer, get a few kills, earn a medal or two for valor, and be home in a few months. Now he found himself in a ditch, lying in the fetal position, screaming for his life. As he screamed the haze slowly cleared from his head, but that didn't stop the screaming. Bullets whizzed centimeters from his head, mortar fire crashed all around him, the forest was no longer teeming with the sounds of wildlife, it was ablaze with the sounds of war. His comrades lay all around him, dead. He saw another soldier pull the

pin on a grenade, rise to throw it over the ditch, and get torn to mush by automatic fire. His grenade plopped into the thick mud where the man had been standing, whole, just seconds before. "Grenade" someone yelled.

Mars pressed down his helmet and tucked into himself even more. The grenade blew, water and mud showered over him, thankfully the thick mud had absorbed most of the blast, so he was fine. A Lieutenant ran over to Mars and crouched beside him.

"You better get your shit together if you wanna get through this private." He yelled over the scream of gunfire.

'He's right' Mars thought, he shook his head clear of the terror and picked up his rifle. He checked the ammo display; it read twenty-two rounds left in the clip. He lifted it over the trench and began firing in bursts. He didn't know what he was shooting at, but he kept on pulling the trigger. The Lieutenant yelled to keep returning fire, his rifle also flashing with bursts of fire. Mars fired until his rifle clicked, empty. He slid in another clip and looked over the ditch into the tree line. A head appeared from behind a tree, scanning the battlefield, Frieden or Koslovic, Mars didn't care, he fired a burst. The tree was suddenly splashed with a dark red hue, and the man behind the tree fell limply into the mud. Richard fired for what felt like an eternity, as he crouched to swap out his clip, he managed a glance at his watch, it had only been ten minutes since the battle began.

He replaced the spent clip in his rifle and continued firing. Just as he was about to run out of ammo, he heard the loud revving of engines behind him. He turned to see three all-terrain heavy jeeps roll into the clearing. They were the greatest thing Mars had ever seen. The rear gunners unleashed their fury upon the enemy with a beautiful fifty-five rounds-per-minute of solid 30mm explosive shells. The trees exploded as huge pieces of their trunks and branches were instantly turned to mulch. A man in the lead jeep yelled to him and the Lieutenant.

"You boys need a lift?" everyone who was still breathing got into the jeeps, and they sped off into the foliage, the rear guns still spitting their deadly volley. As they bounced through the rough rainforest terrain, the Captain sitting in the jeep with Mars and the Lieutenant turned to them.

"You boys are very lucky we found you."

"Yes sir thanks for the evac sir."

"My pleasure son, we need all you boys alive, this is getting big."

Boys? It was funny how he called them that, he didn't seem that much older than Mars. The Captain appeared to be around his mid-thirties, Mars would be turning thirty-one in a month. It just came to him for a moment, he shipped out when he was twenty-eight—three birthdays missed, three years spent fighting and killing, and for what, nothing seemed to be changing, the Frieden and Koslovic forces were still at each other's throats, and innocent civilians were still being slaughtered because of it. Then he registered what the Captain had said, getting big, maybe something was changing after all.

"What do you mean big sir?" the Lieutenant voiced Mars' thoughts.

"The Friedens and the Kosloviaks" the Captain did not yell. Yet his voice carried easily over the clamor of the jeep's engine. "We have strong intel that suggests that they have a presence beyond Earth on one of the colonies, most likely Mars."

"Mars?" the Lieutenant was completely astonished, "does that mean we're gearing up for space combat?"

The thought of this scared Richard more than anything else ever had. He couldn't go into space, he had a family here, and he had already been fighting this war for three years. He had never left the atmosphere, and he wasn't about to just to kill a bunch of undertrained and fanatic bastards bent on destroying everything that humanity has worked for.

"Don't worry son, the UN is organizing some new military force to fight out in the colonies, they're calling it the United Nations Space Command, so no, you don't have to go to space boys, unless you'd like to volunteer for that as well." The Captain laughed. "Consider this your retirement."

"But the rebels are still all over the jungle sir."

"I'm aware Lieutenant, but this was their final push, they wanted to get here." He pointed ahead, just as the jeeps broke out of the greenery into a massive clearing. In the distance stood Alpha Base, the main HQ in this sector.

"Does that mean they're all basically right in the tree line?"

"Exactly Lieutenant." The Captain cracked a large grin.

"With all due respect sir, they're right on top of us."

"That's the idea Lieutenant." The Captain picked up the radio receiver and put it up to his mouth. "Bravo-28, delivery on grid twenty-two, thirty-seven, three, confirm."

"This is Bravo two-eight, coordinated confirmed, en route." A voice crackled over the radio just as a squad of jets roared overhead. The whole rainforest behind them exploded in a rain of fire.

"Napalm carpet bombing, a bit basic, but it gets the job done, victory is sweet gentlemen." The Captain lit a cigar as they approached Alpha Base.

When they arrived, Mars immediately took a shower, and then went to the mess to get a meal. Corned beef and high protein mashed potatoes, tasted like crap, but it was the best meal he had ever eaten. He walked around after dinner to see what the casualties were like. Of the six men he had had the time to get to know and befriend in his time here, two had survived. Private Kennston was in the medic station, three rounds in his chest cavity. Corporal Serigan was really shaken, he just sat and stared, wouldn't talk to anyone. After a few attempts to get a conversation or even a word out of him, Mars

gave up and decided to head over to the barracks for some much needed and deserved sleep. As he lay down in his cot, he thought to himself that he can finally go home; he closed his eyes and silently whispered to himself.

"Thank God."

2. Chapter 1

Chapter 1

March 8, 2553 (military calendar)

Fleetcom, Earth

1721 hours

Colonel Marcus Frost ran his fingers through his crisply shorn, dark brown hair. Slight patches of grey were starting to form on his temples, even though he was only thirty-three, but combat did that to you. He was dressed in his ceremonial outfit as he stood outside a set of large metal doors.

The doors parted and Marcus stepped back, allowing the figure coming out to step through. An MP with a clipboard stepped into the room and looked at Frost, he looked extremely board.

"Colonel Marcus Frost?" he asked, and then looked Frost up and down, sizing up his appearance.

"Yes" Frost answered.

"They'll see you now" he seemed to be satisfied by his assessment of Frost. He began walking to the door. As he passed the MP, the soldier saluted lazily, Frost didn't bother saluting back, the MP wouldn't care anyway. As he stepped into the room, the bright sunlight from the windows hurt his eyes. Frost squinted to see the figures seated in front of him, he saluted briskly, aware of who he was in the presence of. The Admiralty, the five highest ranking admirals in FLEETCOM.

"At ease Colonel" the man in the center said assertively. Frost knew who he was, Lord Hood, the highest ranking in all the UNSC. Frost relaxed a bit and looked around, his eyes had already adjusted to the light. He didn't recognize the other admirals, most of them were freshly promoted, so not many of the lower ranking UNSC personnel knew them. Most of the old admirals were killed in action during the human-Covenant War. Admirals Cole, Stanforth, Whitcomb, and many others, sacrificing their lives for the endurance of humanity.

"Sit down Colonel" Lord Hood gestured to a chair. Frost quickly pulled it up and sat down in an orderly, military fashion. He looked at the admirals and waited for them to speak. One of the admirals on the left spoke, a grizzled yet confident elder man.

"Colonel Frost, you have a very impressive service record. Jericho VII, Sigma Octanus IV, and service aboard the UNSC Leviathan and Heracles."

"Yes, that is correct sir."

"And yet through all that time you never questioned why you have not been promoted above the rank of Colonel?"

"No sir, that is for my commanding officers to decide, I am to follow orders, not question them." Frost said without hesitation.

The admiral addressing him laughed hoarsely, "Yes, well, spoken like a true soldier, but it never crossed your mind? Four years as a Force Colonel, and you never thought about it?"

Frost looked down and began thinking, was he supposed to answer that he had? No. this was a test, a test of his loyalty, and how much he trusted his commanding officer's judgement, it had to be.

"No sir." he quickly replied.

The admiral pondered his reply, eyes wide. He looked to the other admirals at the table, and they talked softly amongst themselves. They then looked up, and the old admiral once again spoke.

"Well, I suppose then-" he was interrupted by Lord Hood.

"Look, enough of the pleasantries, this is business, and we have many more people to see before the day is out."

Lord Hood gave Frost a hard look, he meant business. He pulled something out from under the table and slid it across the table.

"Please come up and retrieve this."

Frost obeyed without hesitation. As he got closer, he noticed it was a small, black box. He picked it up and opened it, his eyes widened.

"Colonel Frost, with long consideration I am proud to give you this, it has been long overdue." Lord Hood gave a small smile, Frost ran his fingers over the shining golden bars. "Consider this your official promotion, General Frost."

Lord Hood held out his hand, and Frost took it and shook enthusiastically.

"You are dismissed General, report to NAVLOGCOM office on the fifty-sixth floor to receive your new ship and crew."

"Yes sir" Frost smiled, his own ship, he liked the sound of that. He saluted the best way he could under so much excitement, all the admirals stood and saluted back.

"Dismissed" Lord Hood bellowed. Frost spun on his heel and briskly walked out of the room. As he walked to the elevator, he passed the MP with the clipboard, leaning against a wall. The MP looked at Frost lazily, then noticed the new set of gleaming bars already clipped to his uniform. The MP's eyes widened, he straightened up and saluted.

"Sir" he shouted, his voice almost cracking.

"At ease" Frost said, satisfied at the MP's reaction "What's your name trooper?"

"Gunnery Sergeant Mark Winston, serial number 11-24-6-384."

"Interesting... you get bored here soldier?"

"Sir, no sir."

"Cut the crap soldier, speak freely."

"Freely sir? Well... the truth is sir, is that I get bored out of my skull here. I wish I could've gotten some action, but I guess it's too late for that now, the war is over."

"You never know Sergeant, you never know" Frost saluted and walked to the elevator.

As he rode down to the fifty-sixth floor, he thought about a few people he would request to be transferred to his ship. His ship, it had a ring to it. He assumed there would be some new orders once he got everything together, why else would he receive the promotion? The elevator dinged as it reached the desired floor, and the doors slid open. Frost made his way to a desk in the center of the mostly empty room. A woman sat at the desk, typing on a terminal. She wore her hair in a tight bun, and her uniform had a crisp, unwrinkled fit. As Frost approached the desk the woman looked up and smiled.

"What can i do for you today General?" she asked over-enthusiastically. He noticed and took a little joy out of the fact that she had noticed his rank immediately.

"I have a request order for a ship and a crew" he said.

"Alright, and your name?"

"Colonel-" he caught himself "General Marcus L. Frost."

"Serial number?"

"28-33-4-619."

"Alrighty, it says here you're due to receive a UNSC supercarrier, The Shadow of the Moon, four divisions of marines, two outfits of Orbital Drop Shock Troopers, forty Pelicans, twenty Scorpion battle tanks, one hundred Warthogs, eight squadrons of Longswords, ten squadrons of Hawks, four Falcons, a ship crew of 5,200 and all the weapons and supplies needed to support all your personnel, does that sound in order?"

Frost's jaw dropped, that was impossible, that was a small army.

"There must be some mistake, that can't be my crew" he stuttered.

"No, it says this is your requisition" she said cheerfully "Oh, and this just came in, you are also receiving a squad of

Spartans."

"Spartans, are you sure?"

"Definitely, it says here Orange team, must be an important mission if Spartans are involved."

He quickly tried to shake off the shock of the situation, "I uh- I'd also like to request some people for my bridge crew."

"Very well, who would you like?" She handed him a small pad so he could type in the names of the desired individuals. Major Maria Salervo, a former love interest, Captain Thomas Breeves, his brother-in-law, and Gunnery Sergeant Mark Winston. 'That ought to help that boredom of yours', he thought. He handed back the pad and she took it, smiling.

"Thank you sir, you should be receiving new orders shortly, and your ship will be ready in about a week. Have a nice day."

He saluted and turned from the desk. As he walked to the elevator he pondered the responsibility he would have. Thousands of lives would be in his hands. Then he thought about his orders, and about what that MP, Winston, was saying. The Covenant was wasn't really over. After the war the Covenant fell apart. The San 'Shyuum were shunned, and disappeared into the depths of space. Most of the hulking Mgalekgolo returned to their home planet, Te. The Yanme'e did the same, and retreated to their homeworld. The Jiralhanae split into two groups, half went back to their homeworld, while the other half gathered forces of Unggoy and Kig-yar, and began searching for somewhere to start anew.

The Sangheili split into two groups as well, the Integrators were at peace with humanity, and returned back to their planet of Sanghelios. While the rogue splinter group known as the Storm Faction still harbored a deep hatred for humanity, and wished them destroyed. They gathered any former Covenant that shared their feelings, flew any ships they could find, and roamed through space searching for any remaining human colonies to attack. These forces were much easier to fight off than previous Covenant forces, due to the lack of upkeep in their fleets.

Then there was the haunting danger of the "Halos", and the infectious parasite known as the Flood. Frost had read some reports of troops that had actually survived the halo incidents, it sounded like a terrifying enemy to fight. He pushed the thought of the parasitic forms from his mind and thought about the present. He looked at his datapad, his new orders had already been received. He opened the file and studied the contents. His crew would be going to some planet, it looked like, it didn't have a name for the planet, but it had coordinates, he would cross check them in his hotel room terminal.

It said he would have to pick up the Spartans first though. They needed exfil from New Brazil, a relatively new colony that had sprung up only years earlier, during the was a jungle world, wiht patches of open plains, that's where most of the UNSC bases on the planet were located. Intel reported that a small Storm Faction battle group had jumped in system out of slipspace, dropped landing craft onto the planet, and jumped back out. Their tactics had changed drastically

from old established Covenant tactics. The Storm Faction barely ever glassed targets with the massive belly mounted plasma beams that were predominant on all Covenant vessels. Without a steady flow of technology from the San 'Shyuum and the sudden and unexplained disappearance of the tech savvy Huragok, the upkeep of their fleets had dropped significantly.

As he finished reading his orders the elevator came to a stop and the doors opened. Frost stepped out and walked through the lobby toward the door.

"Have a nice day sir" the receptionist said cheerfully as Frost walked by. He waved slightly and kept walking. He was tired, and just wanted to get to the hotel room and sleep. He had gotten about two hours of sleep on the space flight here from Luna, and he had immediately gone to the FLEETCOM building after landing. He stepped out onto the busy street, it had started to drizzle a bit. He saw a taxi and called it over. It stopped by the curb and Frost got in.

"The Luxurion hotel please."

The cab driver nodded and began moving. The cab had been driving for about ten minutes through heavy traffic, when suddenly Frost heard a loud thump. The cab slammed into something, and thrashed around. Frost hit his head on the side of the door and everything went black.

End
file.